

FROM BEAU BRUMMELL

## HAT OF OUR GRANDFATHERS,

TO

MODEL OF THE NEW SILK TILE.

J. WALTER KIRK.

Revived as a Jubilee  
Style by the Prince  
of Wales.



Fred Gebhard will look like Beau Brummell come to life.



John Jacob Astor in the hat of the original John Jacob.

Edison Scares  
Jersey with  
Thunderbolts.  
Electrical Experiments  
Which Have Caused  
the Farmers a Lot  
of Trouble.

MR. THOMAS A. EDISON has a score to settle with his neighbors in the little town of Edison, N. J., where he has a factory and an iron works. The

shake their heads wisely and say to one another that "Edison is experimentin' again." The farmers in the country around about regard the comings and goings of Edison with deep and awe-inspired interest. Some of them believe that he really controls the lightning, and that it is within his occult power to designate the points at which it shall strike. Last year, it is said, a tree in an orchard on Patrick Hine's farm was twice struck by lightning. This, the farmers argue, is evidence indisputable that Mr. Edison really picks out the points to be struck by lightning, for they cite the old adage that lightning, with the exception of

MOMENTOUS news for the chappies is cabled from London. The Prince of Wales is wearing a new kind of hat—that is, it is a new kind of hat for the Prince of Wales to wear. But if it has been described correctly it is only a reproduction of that peculiar headgear which made the great-grandfather of "Prince Russell" Harrison famous.

We are also familiar with it in Richard Mansfield's impersonation of Beau Brummell. Indeed, if we are to adopt it—and we must if "Tum Tum" of Wales is bent on wearing it—Mr. Mansfield might be employed this Summer to teach us the absolutely correct angle at which to perch the fuzzy thing upon our overcrowded brain boxes. You will recall how fetchingly Mansfield handled his beaver in the play where the Beau passes the Prince Regent, afterward George IV., and direct ancestor of Albert Edward, dear boy, and asks of Sheridan: "Who's your fat friend, Sherry?" I doubt if George IV. was any fatter than "Tum Tum" is now, but that is immaterial to the present scheme of speculation.

What we want to know is, how are we going to look in this broad-brimmed, bell-

"Not So Worse, I Don't Think."

crowned, hairy headgear that is certain to overtop us? Few of us are as moon-faced as Wales and none so bewhiskered save Jamie Van Alen (one I, please). Therefore it is going to be exceedingly trying to certain styles of dudish beauty.

There is the elongated pulchritude of Jack Astor, for instance. It will surely make the American head of the House of Astor most decently top-heavy, but Jack is game to the last vertebra, and he'll try it.

Freddie Gebhard is always handsome in anything, and as he is of good build and athletic he will be quick to adopt the "fuzzy." Center and Tommy Hitchcock are modelled approximately on the lines of



Center Hitchcock after following the Prince's example.



Thomas Hitchcock—does he look like the Prince Regent?



J. Waldere Kirk will carry Old World elegance to Chicago.

DEATH AND CRIME  
May Now Go Hand in Hand  
Through the Mails.

NEW POSTAL LAWS  
Legalize the Sending of  
Germs and Reptiles.

"Death may now go free in the mails. The Congress of the Universal Postal Union gave it a license the other day in Washington.

"Natural history specimens," the new decree reads, "and articles for scientific collections shall be admitted to the mails as samples." "Natural history specimens" include tarantulas, rattlesnakes, Gila monsters and "articles for scientific collections" include such extraneous material as a case full of death-loaded microbes. This is a novel clause of

the maliciously intended, the Congress of the Universal Postal Union, to do their worst, under protection of law.

FOR example, there are disease-producing germs—microbes so minute that they can be seen only with a microscope. These horrible bacteria will soon be travelling through the mails surreptitiously in process of being bred on gelatine in glass tubes. Physicians will do this sort of thing, and there is no way to prevent it, the packages being sealed. Now that all restriction has been removed, to a great extent "cultures" of pathogenic

bacteria, or pieces of diseased tissue from the body organs of dead people may be sent swarming with microbes, of which certain colonies in gelatine, must be enclosed in a special package labelled "Specimen for Bacteriological Examination." Unless addressed to a laboratory of the Federal Government, or of a State, or of a municipality, permission for its delivery must be obtained, as a matter of form,

from the Post Office Department. The new regulation is designed to facilitate the diagnosis of a case of cholera.

Each case must be enclosed in a cylindrical tin box three and a half inches long, which is likewise closed by a metal screw and rubber washer, being packed tightly with absorbent cotton. Finally, the tin



Disease Germs Sent by Mail.

Packages containing vials of the deadliest microbes, sufficient to precipitate a plague, may be sent through the mails, under a loosely worded clause of the Postal laws.

Wizard is working on a new process for "separating" iron ore. His plan is to extract the iron from the earth by means of magnetic attraction. He chose this out-of-the-way spot of Jersey in order to be able to work secretly, as his experiments are very satisfactory.

What the Wizard is doing indoors is of small moment. It is what he has been doing outside that most concerns the people down there. They have known all along that there are all sorts of mysterious electrical contrivances in this Edison-ridden neighborhood.

Ogden Mountain itself has been the nucleus of some sort of experiment that the local wisecracks do not understand. All about its circumference of over four miles is a line of telegraph poles, upon which are strung lines of insulated wire, circling the iron mountain like a belt about a golf player. There is no end to this strange telegraph line. It is simply a circle, striding the mountain like the armature of a magnet.

What Mr. Edison intended to do with this giant telephone transmitter, or whatever it may be, has been a source of great wonder to the people thereabout. Two years ago there were rumors in that part of New Jersey that he intended it as an experiment in communicating with the planets. It was thought that he expected to carry on conversations with the dwellers of Mars and Venus. That may have been what he intended. Mr. Edison himself will not say, but since the construction of this giant magnet the prevalence of electric storms in the neighborhood of Ogden Mountain has been so great, and the damage done by lightning has been so considerable, that the natives are indignantly protesting. It may not be that Mr. Edison's remarkable experiment is responsible for the almost daily recurrence of lowering skies, drenching rain and phenomenal displays of heaven's pyrotechnics, but the natives believe that it is. Houses, barns and trees have been struck by the electric fluid, and the excessive waterfalls have been such that crops have suffered.

This Summer the frequency of electric storms has been more pronounced than ever before. Michael Horton's house, near the base of the mountain, was struck by lightning in May and its inhabitants assigned. A tree on the farm of Cleo Woodbridge, back of the mountain, was struck last Friday and converted into kindling wood. A barn on Franklin Crane's farm was struck by lightning early last week, caught fire and was entirely consumed.

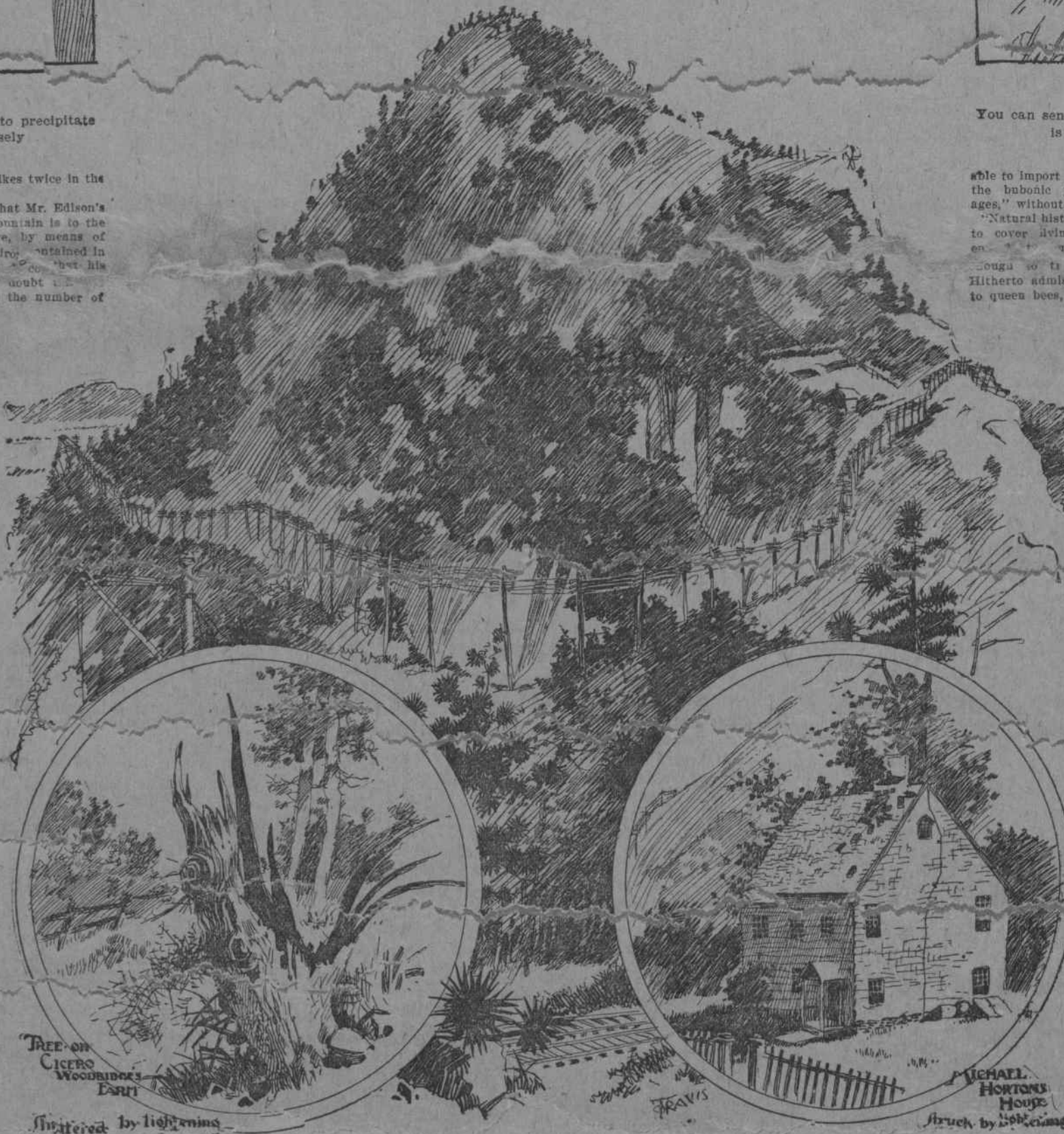
Over, which is some miles from the mountain, the increased frequency of electric storms has been noticed. The natives appear the inhabitants

Jersey lightning, never strikes twice in the same place.

While it is well known that Mr. Edison's tinkering with the iron mountain is to the end that he may measure, by means of electricity, the amount of iron contained in it, there is absolutely no doubt that his experiment has increased the number of electrical storms. And this raises the interesting question, why the same method of increasing rainfall in regions afflicted with drought should not be tried by the rain-makers.

But the possible scientific value of the result of Mr. Edison's rain-making is not considered by the residents of Ogden Mountain neighborhood. They denounce the electric storms in unmeasured terms. Franklin Crane, whose barn was burned, does not hesitate to say that he has a good mind to sue for damages. "I talked with a lawyer," said he, "and he thought that I had a very good cause for action, but it seems to me that it would be a pretty hard job to convince a jury that Edison was responsible for what has always been considered an act of God. Why, even some insurance companies don't pay policies where the fire has been caused by lightning, and others have special lightning clauses to cover such damages."

Cleora Woodbridge, who only lost a tree, says: "Well, I don't know exactly that Edison is responsible for it, but I do know that there was pretty much a thousand feet of good lumber in that tree. If his mountain is bringing all the lightning around here, I wish, by gosh, it would move it away."



Edison's Experimenting Mountain, Which Is Conducting All the Lightning in New Jersey to One Spot—and the Disastrous Results. The Wizard's experiments with electricity down at his iron works have resulted in fierce electric storms, which, so the farmers say, have uprooted trees, partially destroyed houses and barns and ruined crops. The inventor has girdled a mountain with wire for experimental purposes, but the farmers say the wire is the source of all the trouble.

How Our Best-Known  
Chappies Will Look  
in the Fall.



How H. Payne Whitney will look in his new hat.



Foxhall Keene will get that hat without delay.

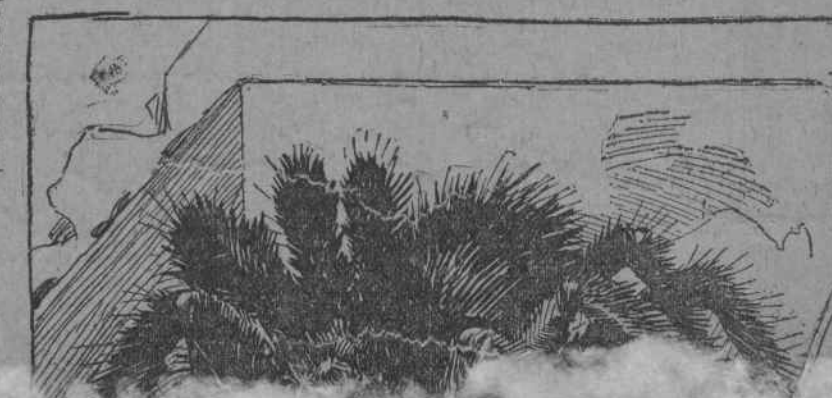
Last of the  
Growsome Old  
Curiosity Club.

A Company of Jolly  
Art Lovers Broken Up  
by the King of  
Terrors.

The Old Curiosity Club, an organization of art enthusiasts who gathered weekly to compare notes concerning their art treasures, has passed out of existence.

box is to be enclosed in another tin box of the same shape, a little larger, and lined with paper felt. All of these precautions being observed, it is thought that none of the microbes could get away and attack human beings under ordinary circumstances. But in case of an accident on the railroad carrying these microbe packages the result may be imagined. The glass vial would be broken, the tin covering would be crushed in and death in its most horrible form would be scattered broadcast.

The permissive regulation covers the entrance of germs and diseased tissues into the country by the mails from abroad, so that the investigating scientist will be



Tarantulas by Post.

You can send the most venomous insects—rattlesnakes, even—providing this is done under the "natural history" clause adopted by the Postal Union.

able to import fresh microbes of cholera or the bubonic plague, in "original packages," without the slightest trouble. "Natural history specimens" are supposed to cover living animals that are small enough to be conveniently by post.

Hitherto admission has only been granted to queen bees, which are shipped all over the world in wooden boxes designed expressly for the purpose, and to the Australian lady bugs, which are imported into the orange trees.

But now we shall have live beetles and all sorts of crawling and jumping things, such as horned toads and alligators from Florida.

Every mail car will be a menagerie, and postal clerks and letter-carriers will have to look sharp lest they get bitten or stung by such dangerous creatures as tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, etc.

Gila monsters, alive and kicking, will now be able to travel openly, instead of in secret, heretofore, with a label of warning tied on.

There will be snakes galore, of course—particularly rattlesnakes. People have always been fond of sending snakes by post, though usually these snakes have found their way to the Dead Letter Office. One package of this sort arrived at the Dead Letter Office a few years ago which contained a rattler eight feet long, with nine rattles, and sixteen other snakes.

The clerk who opened the parcel was so dismayed that he failed to keep accurate count of the assortment, the result being that three weeks later a young woman was nearly scared to death by an adder two feet long.

Its collapse was hastened by the death the other day of Alfred Trumble, editor of the Art Amateur. The three survivors of the eleven by whom the club was organized decided that the fates were against them. King Death seemed to have set his mark upon the doomed eleven.

And upon the doomed eleven was reckoned, day the Old Curiosity Club was organized, three years ago. Of the original eleven, eight have died suddenly within the last two years, one being foully murdered, another, a minister of the gospel, falling from grace to end his life in a hospital, and the rest being called suddenly and without warning to the great beyond.

The eleven founders were Samuel E. Goodwin, William H. Harnett, Edward V. Clemens, Max Egan, Guido Foster, Robert Cushing, Alfred Trumble, Rev. Waldo Messers, Fritz Kaldenberg, Guido Kaldenberg and Robert Fullerton. They held their meetings at the Old Curiosity Shop, Third avenue, near Nineteenth street, a headquarters for warping art relics, of which Robert Fullerton is the proprietor.

The club often gave a dinner, and the menus used on these occasions were treasures that money could not buy. Each man was a past master in a particular line of art, and the menus were distinctly original. On one occasion the portrait of the President, Samuel E. Goodwin, was painted so exquisitely on a menu that the delighted original of the picture gave the artist \$100 to finish it for framing.

Many were the odd pranks that the Old Curiosity Club men played on the art world. Fullerton, at a club dinner, bet that he could paint a picture that would sell at a fancy price on the strength of the name alone. Fullerton had never used a brush in his life before, except to paint the fence at his country house, but he managed to execute a frightful dab with the aid of ten cents' worth of varicolored paint, and, signed with the name of a famous painter and handsomely framed, the picture was actually sold at public auction for \$165.

Death first laid a hand on this jolly company by carrying off the president, Samuel E. Goodwin. Goodwin was a rich builder. He accidentally shot himself while on a vacation in New Hampshire. The Rev. Waldo Messers, pastor of the First Free Baptist Church, broke down from nervous prostration, took to drink, and died in a hospital. W. H. Harnett, a painter, died while unlocking his studio door. Edward V. Clemens succumbed to pneumonia, and Max Egan, superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, on Lexington avenue, was murdered mysteriously. Guido Foster, a business man, and Robert Cushing, a sculptor, met sudden deaths. Alfred Trumble, the last of the eight, was found dead in bed when his housekeeper went to call him one morning two weeks ago.